

BULGARIA APPEALS TO THE POWERS

Accuses Turkey of Oppression and Misrule During Promised Reform Era.

PORTER'S PROJECTS NOT CARRIED OUT

Instead Bulgarian Population of Macedonia Is Driven to Despair.

TORTURES IN VILLAGES

Wholesale Rape and Murder Are Charged, While Thousands Are Imprisoned.

Sofia, Sunday.—The Bulgarian government has presented a memorandum to the Powers setting out at great length the condition of affairs during the last three months in Macedonia since the Turkish government undertook to inaugurate the promised reforms. The most precise details, dates, places and names of persons are given in the memorandum, the whole constituting a terrible category of murder, torture, incendiarism, pillage and general oppression committed by the Ottoman soldiers and officials.

These particulars were obtained entirely from official sources, such as the reports of the Bulgarian consuls and agents of the Bulgarian government, and in many instances the reports made by Turkish authorities. The Bulgarian government guarantees the absolute truth of every statement and challenges the Porte to disprove a single charge made in the memorandum.

Charge Against Turkey.—The memorandum begins by stating that during the last three months the Ottoman government has taken a series of measures with the alleged intention of inaugurating the era of promised reform and of assuring peace and tranquillity to the Bulgarian population of European Turkey, but which have had the contrary effect of further exasperating this population and reviving the revolutionary movement. Instead of proceeding solely against persons guilty of breaches of the public order, the military and civil authorities have sought every possible pretext to persecute, terrorize and ruin the Bulgarian inhabitants, alike in the large cities and in the small villages.

Wholesale massacres, individual murders, the destruction of villages, the pillaging and setting fire to houses, the arrests, ill treatment, tortures, arbitrary imprisonment and banishment, the closing and disorganizing of churches and schools, the ruining of merchants, the collection of taxes for many years in advance—such, proceeds the memorandum, are among the acts of the Ottoman administration of the vilayets of Salonica, Monastir, Uskub and Adrianople.

Bulgarians Maltreated in Salonica.—The memorandum next relates in detail a number of such cases in the vilayet. Beginning with the vilayet of Salonica, it states that in the town of Salonica itself the Bulgarian professors of the university, the students and shopkeepers—in fact, all intelligent Bulgarians in the city—have been cast into prison.

One hundred and twenty soldiers entered the village of Gorna-Ribnitsa on May 19 and tortured to death five men, two women. During the first three weeks of July twenty-five villages in the district of Tikvesh were subjected to the depredations of the Turkish soldiers and Bashibazouks. The villagers were beaten and tortured, the women maltreated and the houses plundered while the administrative authorities looked on.

In the vilayet of Monastir artillery bombarded and razed the fishing town of Smerdesch, three hundred houses being left a heap of ruins. At the beginning of July two Greek bands, with the connivance of the authorities, pillaged Bulgarian villages and murdered many of their inhabitants.

Alleged Atrocities by Bashibazouks.—In the vilayet of Uskub the entire Bulgarian population has been systematically persecuted since last May. The director of the Normal School at Uskub was imprisoned because his library contained the "revolutionary" works of "Othello" and "Les Misérables." In the districts of Bulanka, Koschani, Koumanovo and Gostivar the prisons are filled with Bulgarian priests, schoolmasters and merchants.

During June the soldiers and Bashibazouks terrorized the inhabitants of the Schit district, torturing the people with red hot irons. Similar atrocities perpetrated in the vilayet of Adrianople are cited.

Terrible Scenes of Massacre.—Altogether, the memorandum gives particulars of no fewer than 121 individual and general cases of excesses and outrages committed by the Turkish authorities. In summarizing the specific details of the outrages mentioned, the memorandum declares that wholesale massacres were perpetrated by regulars and Bashibazouks in the town of Salonica and the villages of Baldeva, Banitsa, Tchoukrovo, Karabirsa, Moghila, Smerdesch and Enklide, while the scenes of carnage, pillage and incendiarism were everywhere terrible.

At Smerdesch more than two hundred Bulgarians were shot, killed with swords or burned to death. More than two hundred and fifty houses and the churches and schools were set on fire with petroleum and pillaged, the property being sold by the soldiers and Bashibazouks in neighboring villages. Similar scenes occurred at the villages of Gorna-Ribnitsa, Igoumenitsa, Dobriaki and Nikoden. The villagers there abandoned their homes and fled to the mountains.

More than three thousand men, women and children fled from the Sanjak of Seres and even more from the Sanjak of Kerkir.

Thousands of Prisoners.—It is difficult, says the memorandum, to obtain the exact number of Bulgarians who were imprisoned, mostly on the flimsiest pretexts, as when they were released others were immediately arrested. The estimates obtainable give for the vilayet of Salonica 900 prisoners; for Uskub, 300; for Monastir, 850, and for Adrianople, 350, a total of 2,400. As information is lacking from many districts in these vilayets, it is thought that without exaggeration the number of prisoners may be placed at even three times this total.

Dealing with other acts of oppression, the memorandum states that the Bulgarian merchants and artisans living in Con-

FLEET IN SILENCE SALUTES PRESIDENT

No Guns Boom as Navy's Commander in Chief Steps Aboard the Kearsarge.

HEARS A SERMON, PRAISES THE SHIP

Deeply Interested in Fast Run Across Atlantic and Commends Marksmanship.

PLANS FOR THE REVIEW

To-Day's Function First in Navy's History To Be Carried Out in Full.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.] OYSTER BAY, L. I., Sunday.—Four miles of United States men-of-war in four regular lines, each of them ready to go into action on a moment's notice, was the sight that met the eyes of thousands of yachtsmen as they sailed in Long Island Sound and rounded Rocky Point this morning. There was really more than a square mile of fighting ships floating gently on the breeze ruffled bosom of the Sound, for from the grim Kearsarge in the van to the outer end of the line was about an even mile, while from line to line of the greyhound destroyers north and south was more than that distance.

But for the fleet of peace and there was no hint even of mimic war in the white stopped and flashing guns peeping from turret and side or in the white decked sailors swarming everywhere. They were there that the President of the United States may visit them, inspect themselves, officers and men.

President Roosevelt attended divine service aboard the Kearsarge this morning, and made an hour's inspection of the ship afterward. His words of praise sent the blood tingling in the ears of the men as well as of the officers. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by Captain Brownson, Commandant of the Naval Academy, put out from shore and arrived alongside the Kearsarge at a quarter of eleven o'clock.

Received in Silence.—The President and his party were received on the flagship by Rear Admiral Barker and his staff with every formality due his rank except the firing of a salute, which is forbidden by the regulations on Sunday. After formal greetings had been exchanged the party was escorted to the Rear Admiral's cabin to await the call for divine service.

Secretary of the Navy Moody, with whom was former Secretary W. E. Chandler, was one of the first to greet the President after the formalities were over. He had spent the night at Sagamore Hill, but had visited the Rear Admiral in command early to talk over the arrangements for to-morrow's review. Conversation was entirely general thereafter.

With the President aboard, a great fleet of small boats and yachts gathered around the Kearsarge. In many of them were girls who had tried hard to break the dignity of the younger officers. That they did not succeed was creditable, but all dignity received a severe shock on the arrival of one launch that danced out to the ship. In this were Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and several little Roosevelt cousins and their chums, until the little craft was dangerously crowded. The visit was not altogether official, and there were negotiations in consequence before the youngsters came up the companionway. These negotiations were principally as to where certain persons were at the moment, and the further assurance that all was well and "he won't care." The party immediately dove below and were not seen again until after service, when they were discovered on top of the turrets.

Just before the service Rear Admirals Sands, Coghlan and Wise arrived, in order of seniority, to pay their respects to the President, and then, with Captain Hemphill, Commander of the Kearsarge and chief of staff, and Lieutenant Eberle, flag lieutenant, the visiting party, passing through lines of marines, went to the deck to listen to Chaplain Isaacs preach on "Citizenship, Afloat and Ashore."

The service began with the singing of "America" by the crew, accompanied by the ship's orchestra, and after that Mr. Isaacs addressed them simply to the effect that a man must learn to control himself and to control others. "It is not what you take into your mouth that does credit to the world," he said, "but it is what comes out of your mouth."

The chaplain did not refer to the two distinguished visitors during his sermon, but during the prayer he invoked divine guidance for both in all that they might do.

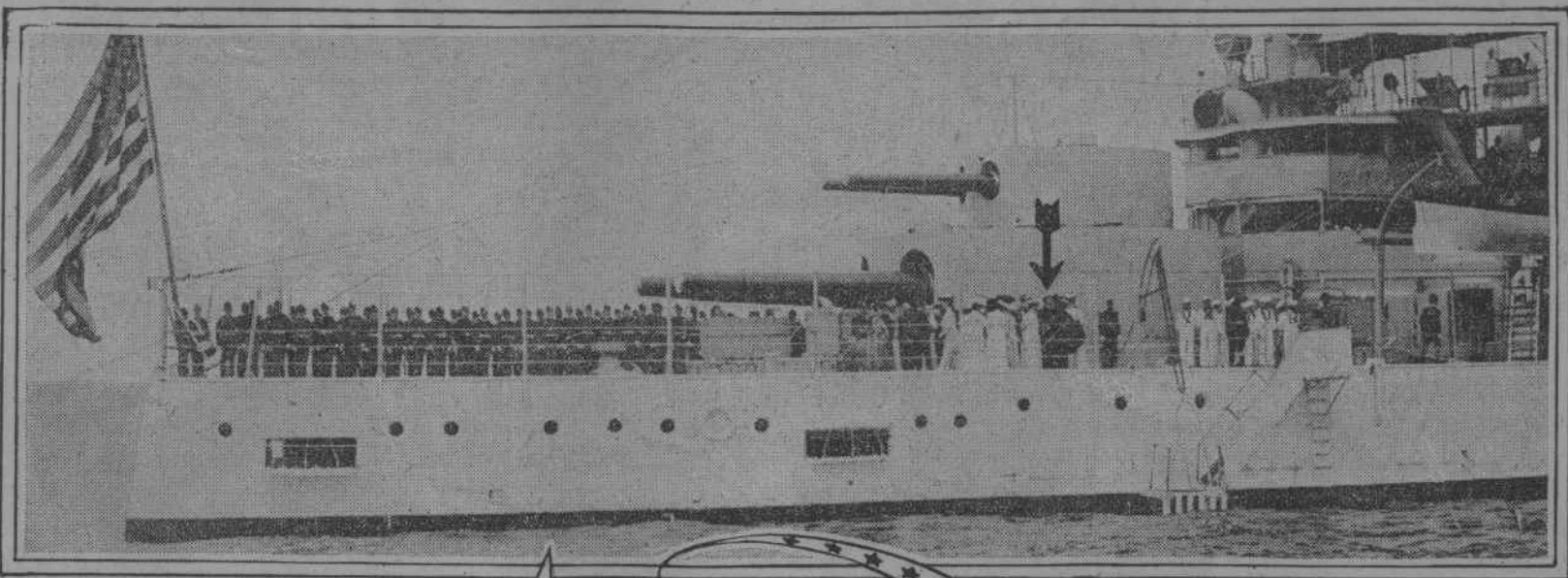
Inspecting the Kearsarge.—Service over, the President began an inspection of the ship, and, as he said, but just to see for himself. His greatest interest was in first hand accounts of the record run made by the ship from Tompkinsville to the Needles and return. He asked a hundred questions on details—how the coal lasted, how the ship bore herself, how the men like it and the sensations of each. Then he shifted to target practice, and when Captain Hemphill told him of the recent records he congratulated him warmly.

"That's right, that's right—splendid!" he exclaimed again and again. In this last he was warmly supplemented by the Secretary of the Navy.

It was after half-past twelve o'clock when the President and his party left the ship, and the ceremony that greeted their coming was repeated as they departed. Secretary Moody remained aboard the Kearsarge until late in the night. It was announced that the original programme will be followed almost without change to-morrow.

The President, accompanied by Admiral Dewey, Rear Admiral Taylor, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation; Rear Admiral Rodgers, Commandant of the New York Navy Yard; Captain Brownson, General Chaffee, Sir Thomas Lipton, Colonel Sherman Crawford, Mr. Oliver Ishli, Mr. Butler Duncan, Captain Woodbury Kane and Mr. Frederick G. Bourne, will go aboard the Mayflower at half-past eight o'clock to-morrow morning. The yacht will pass down the four lines of warships, each of which will be dressed, and from each of which will come the Presidential salute as the Mayflower passes. This being done, the May-

President Roosevelt on the Kearsarge and Plan of To-Day's Review



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND PARTY ON BOARD THE KEARSARGE YESTERDAY

TWO SISTERS LOSE REASON SAME DAY

Louise and Hilda Henning, Violently Insane, Disturb Big Apartment House.

FORMER TRIES SUICIDE

Policemen Rescue Her as She Is About to Leap from a Window.

LONELINESS MAY BE CAUSE

Malady First Noticed Shortly After Their Brother Had Left the City.

Two sisters, the Misses Louise and Hilda Henning, the first an actress who a few years ago was a familiar figure on the New York stage, the second a talented woman, who theretofore had been quiet and modest, began singing wild songs at all hours of the night. They beat upon the walls, shouted from windows, and apprehensive neighbors on the same floor say they heard them several times plotting to sprinkle kerosene on the floors and set the house afire.

With two swords which they inherited from their father, who was a soldier, the women indulged in fencing bouts. So fiercely did they fence that they inflicted serious wounds on one another, while the clashing of the swords disturbed the sleep of residents in the house.

GIRLS' BROTHERS ABSENT.—The sisters have occupied the apartments for nearly four years. They were always reserved and quiet and rarely had visitors. Two brothers lived with them up to a year ago. The brothers and sisters came here from California. The elder brother, a year ago, went to California, and is now said to be travelling about the world as an agent for a large commercial house in this city. The sisters said that their younger brother, Henry, had enlisted in the navy three months ago.

It was after the departure of the two brothers that eccentricity in the conduct of the two sisters became noticeable, and their fellow tenants seem to think that worry over the absence of their brothers affected the minds of the young women. Louise, the elder sister, began screaming from a window of her flat early yesterday morning. Neighbors called in Policeman McAnery, of the East Sixty-seventh street station, but attempts on the part of the police to quiet them only made the women noisier. They refused to open their doors, which they had closed to callers for nearly two weeks.

McAnery called up the station, asking what he should do under the circumstances. Policemen Murphy and Young were sent to the house in a patrol wagon, but still they were refused permission to enter.

TRIED TO LEAP FROM WINDOW.—Several hundred persons had gathered in the street by this time, and the sight of the crowd increased the excitement of the sisters. Louise climbed out of the front window, and as it seemed likely that she might throw herself into the street, the policemen adopted heroic measures.

They entered No. 190 and by means of a fire escape climbed into the open window of the flat. Miss Hilda, who made no effort to restrain her sister, sat in the parlor, with a large terrestrial globe in her hands, pointing at different countries through which, she said, her brothers were travelling. "Poor boys," she exclaimed, "I'll never see them again."

Louise was half way out of the window, and persons in the street were making preparations to catch her, when one of the policemen dragged her back into the room. The police were obliged to carry the sisters down to the patrol wagon.

At Bellevue last night it was said that they seemed to be suffering from some form of hysteria.

JOKE CRAZED HIM.

Man Started a "Crazy Society" in a Spirit of Fun and Notoriety Turned His Brain.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.] POTTSVILLE, Pa., Sunday.—Professor Jabez Burkes, who in a moment of eccentricity and out of a spirit of fun started a "crazy society," has become unbalanced by the success of the venture.

Burkes advertised his scheme extensively in the newspapers and received many applications for membership. The wide notoriety he attained in a few weeks completely turned his head and he insisted on making speeches, singing songs and dancing at inopportune times and places.

Owing to these eccentricities the police have been obliged to arrest him and he is now in the county jail.

WARSHIPS TO RACE FOR CHAMPIONSHIP

The Kearsarge and the Alabama to Have "Speed Trial" to Race Rock.

WILL SETTLE OLD RIVALRY

Flagship of Fleet, Once Defeated in Run to Culebra, Hopes for Victory.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.] OYSTER BAY, L. I., Sunday.—Before the last echo of the guns of the war ships saluting the President as they pass in review dies away to-morrow will begin a race between the Kearsarge and the Alabama for the title of the fastest battle ship of the United States navy.

Under forced draught, with their funnels reinforced by picked assistants, the two vessels will race from Rocky Point to a point opposite Race Rock, the easternmost end of Long Island. This contest is expected to end the claims made by the officers of both vessels to the championship in their class.

Built the same year, both of 11,225 tons displacement and with the same maximum speed of seventeen knots an hour, since 1896 the question of which was the faster has been a mooted one in the navy. The Alabama, acknowledged the highest type of the Cramp outfit, just as the Kearsarge is of the Newport News company, they have had many partisans who have discussed their merits ashore and afloat without result.

Races between the ships of the United States Navy are unknown, but there is a regulation which permits the commanding officer of a squadron to call for "speed trials" at intervals, and it was last year that the Alabama won what her officers consider a decisive victory. The fleet had left Hampton Roads and was steaming south for Culebra for the manoeuvres, when Rear Admiral Higginson, who had a hint of the difference between the two ships, hoisted a signal which read "Speed trials, beginning to-morrow noon." It was further understood that, so far as the trial was concerned, the two vessels were to start exactly even, without a handicap.

When noon of the next day arrived Captain Hemphill, of the Kearsarge, and Captain Davis, of the Alabama, were ready, and the two battle ships shot forward like torpedoes boats. For a half hour they held a close and exciting race, but neither had gained an inch apparently, but then the Alabama began to forge ahead, and by nightfall was hull down in the van.

Of course it was a hot bearing of some kind, according to the Kearsarge men, and her navigating officer figured out she had made even greater speed than the victor, but that did not remove the sting of defeat.

The Kearsarge has been doing a little travelling this summer, and when she sailed from Frenchmen's Bay, Maine, a month ago, having made record runs across the Atlantic and back, the rivalry broke forth again. "Pooh!" said the Kearsarge men: "see here, 13½ knots an hour for so many miles, 13 knots for days; can you beat it? No other war ship ever did."

"We can," answered the Alabama men: "at least we can beat you." And so to restore peace to the naval world to-night it was whispered that when west heads for Penobscot Bay the "speed trial" signal will go aloft and Rear Admiral Barker himself, aboard his flagship, the Kearsarge, will know that something out of the ordinary is occurring.

MAN FALLS 175 FEET.—CLINTON, Mass., Sunday.—Edward J. Flanagan to-day fell 175 feet, of which twenty-five feet is direct fall, the remainder down a steep rocky incline. He received a scalp wound and severe injury near the base of the spinal column.

Flanagan had been to a clam bake and took a short cut home. He is forty-six years old.

BURGLAR ON ROOF SHOOTS AT POLICE

Empties Two Revolvers at Six Detectives Sent to Capture Him.

WOUNDED BY RETURN FIRE

Residents of Fifth Avenue Neighborhood Almost in a Panic Over Night Fusiade in Midair.

Fighting for their lives on the roof of a house in West Forty-seventh street last night, half a dozen Central Office detectives brought down a burglar only after he had emptied two revolvers at them and they had fired a dozen shots at him and finally hit him in the leg.

Warned by residents of the house at No. 41 West Forty-seventh street that a man had been heard walking about the roof, the detectives had clambered through a skylight of a neighboring dwelling and had made their way on their hands and knees, creeping behind chimneys for protection, until they saw their man crouching behind a chimney.

He had seen them and was ready for them. Throwing down a bundle he was carrying he advanced upon the detectives, with a revolver in either hand. Not waiting for them to begin the attack he opened fire, and for five minutes the bullets whizzed about the heads of the men, but none of them found the mark for which it was intended.

Although they had not anticipated so warm a reception, the detectives were prepared for trouble, and each of them had drawn his revolver as soon as he had begun to crawl up on the burglar. Firing into the darkness, and busy trying to dodge the bullets which were spattering about them, the detectives had fired a dozen shots before the burglar suddenly threw up his hands.

"I'll give in," he shouted. "For God's sake, stop your firing! I'm hit."

The detectives nearest the man rushed to where he had fallen, and held him to the roof, while the others ran up to render assistance if the burglar showed any signs of fight. Suspicious that it was only a ruse to throw them off their guard, the detectives did not lower their revolvers, but as they began to search him it was apparent that he could do them no harm.

When searched the man, who gave his name as George Robinson and said he had come to New York from the West, declining to give any address in this city, was found to have fifty extra cartridges in his pockets.

Intense excitement was caused in the house occupied by Orlando M. Harper, on the roof of which the battle took place, and in the street a crowd was collected by the noise of the shots.

All sorts of rumors flew about, and a dozen men were about to rush into the house, thinking some one was being murdered, when the detectives brought their cartridges down and took him in a patrol wagon to Headquarters. Later he was sent to Bellevue Hospital and put in the prison ward.

STEAMER SUNK IN A DYNAMITE PLOT

The White Star Blown Up on Saranac Lake and Captain's Rivals Are Suspected.

UTICA, N. Y., Sunday.—The steamer White Star, owned by Captain Eugene Torrence, was sunk at her dock, at Saranac Lake, about two o'clock this morning as a result of a deliberate attempt to destroy the boat. A dynamite cartridge placed near a gasoline tank of the steamer exploded and took him in a patrol wagon to Headquarters. Later he was sent to Bellevue Hospital and put in the prison ward.

The noise of the explosion was heard by the night watchman of the Riverside Inn and Policeman Moore, but they were unable to locate the cause until after day-light. The local police are at work on the case, and detectives from Albany will be engaged to place the blame, if possible.

Rivalry among steamboat men has been strong here all the season. Torrence has also, it is said, made some enemies among the native element here.

Coates must stand trial for the murder of Lewis G. Hull, a coachman for a New York family, at Spring Valley in 1902. The crime was committed on May 12 of that year. After the shooting Coates fled, and was captured in Richmond, Va.

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WOMAN FORGER

Mabel Parker's Demeanor in Jail Is Baffling to Detectives.

LAUGHS AT HER PLIGHT

Reads Magazines and Tells a Strange Life History When Arraigned in Court.

WAS A PUPIL OF A CONVENT

Girl Admits Using Morphine, Says Home Is in Minneapolis and Prisoner Her Husband.

Seldom have the police of this city had a more puzzling and interesting prisoner than the young woman held at the Mercer street station charged with numerous forgeries. Demure, handsome, well dressed, soft spoken, with an arch smile and clear blue eyes, she seems half the time in a dreamy state of childish innocence, and again she impresses those who talk with her as one of the shrewdest prisoners who have ever baffled the trio of Wall street detectives who finally arrested her and two men, her alleged accomplices, after several weeks' hard work.

She says she is Mabel Preece, a daughter of a commission merchant of Minneapolis, Minn. She told the detective who in disguise won her confidence that she was educated at the Visitation Academy, connected with Seton Hall, at St. Paul, afterward coming East and graduating at the Ursuline Convent, at Bedford Park, in the Bronx. Four years ago she says she met and married the man who gives the name of James Parker, and who, according to the police, has been an inmate of the Elmira Reformatory, although she had determined to become a nun.

She declares that she has written for several of the magazines under the name of Mabel Singlerly, which is the name of her husband, she declares. She said yesterday that she had had articles in leading periodicals and that she had made the sketches that illustrated them.

Two years ago, she says, a daughter was born to her and Singlerly. It died of scarlet fever, which the mother contracted. Her health was so broken then, she says, that she took morphine, at a physician's direction, to deaden the pain and she became addicted to the use of the drug. She will not tell how she became a forger, but, according to the police, she has accumulated at least \$2,000 during the last two weeks and she and Singlerly have been operating in this city for perhaps two weeks.

Indifferent to Surroundings.—The woman was a picture of comfort all day yesterday. A messenger boy brought her a pretty white robe of Chinese kimono and a pair of red slippers. With copies of two monthly magazines in her lap, her feet on the rung of a chair and her wavy, light hair loosened, she read for hours. Nobody called to see her except Detective Clark.

She would not talk with him, feeling deeply chagrined that she had been caught through her admissions to Detective Peabody, Clarke's aid, after fooling the police of Chicago, Buffalo and other cities.

She said she hoped she would be acquitted, as it was very uncomfortable to be separated from one's husband, and the confinement of the station was most trying. She said if she was sent away she would devote her spare time to writing magazine stories, having been unusually successful in that line.

For two weeks the woman and Parker had been living at No. 110 West Thirty-eighth street. When her husband was arrested last Thursday night she spent some time composing several letters to the magistrate, pleading that her husband was a good man, that they had had much trouble, had often been destitute, and that if he were offered a chance he would do better.

The detectives took charge of these when they learned that Singlerly and Reed, the man arrested with him at a Broadway clothing store, where they had offered a bad check, were not the actual forgers. The woman, according to the police, is the brains of the trio.

Scouting through the man's husband did not return to her, the woman asked permission of her landlady to burn up some papers in the furnace. She was seen carrying down a large scrap basket full of letters and pieces of paper. Apparently, she had disposed of everything that might incriminate her, but she overlooked a pad of paper, in which she had written many times, the name of Alice Kauser, a depositor in the Lincoln Bank, whose name was forged to three checks at the landlady, when questioned by the police, remembered having seen scraps of paper in the woman's room, with the name of Bierstadt on them. E. Bierstadt, another depositor in the same bank, had his name forged to a check for \$140, tendered by one of the two men a few days ago.

Had "Diamond Lil's" Picture.—In the room the detectives also found a picture of the famous woman, the police of Chicago as "Diamond Lil," one of the cleverest women swindlers in the West. A well known Chicago police official's son killed a man recently in a quarrel over "Diamond Lil's."

Before she was taken to the Jefferson Market Court yesterday morning the woman produced from her reticule toilet accessories and pencilled her eyelashes and eyebrows and used an emulating preparation on her cheeks. She carefully dressed herself and asked the matron for a hand glass to see if she had completed her toilet before setting out with the detectives. She was very gracious and made a deep impression upon the doorman, the sergeant and the court officials by her courteous manners and her stylish clothes. She appeared to be unused to her surroundings, but let slip a phrase that caught the ears of her captors as unusual for a woman not an adept at crimes of this sort.

"Do you think the banks will get out an attachment for that \$35 I had when I came here?" she inquired.

"What is the young woman charged with?" asked Magistrate Flammer, as he surveyed the handsome, well fitting grass linen gown and the expensive black hat that framed the demure, pink and white face before him.

The "forger," replied Detective Peabody. The Magistrate looked nonplussed. The woman smiled and added, promptly, "Yes, sir, I'm a forger."

The police asked that she be remanded for a further examination this morning. The Magistrate heard what the detectives said about her record—that she was only twenty-one years old, and yet was a clever, keen expert they had ever seen, making sketches, pictures and even signatures with wonderful rapidity.

"Why, she told me she could memorize a signature she saw once and duplicate it a

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